

## A MONK OF MUSCLE.

He Battled With a Bully and Knocked Him Into a Cocked Hat.

When Sir Richard Burton was transferred from Fernando Po to the consulate of Santos and San Paulo, there was a seminary of Capuchins, Frenchmen and Italians, which contained some curious specimens of muscular Christianity.

For example: "One of the monks was a tall, magnificent, and very powerful man, an ex-cavalry officer. Count Somebody, whose name I forget, then Fray G—. Before he arrived there was a bully in town, rather of a free-thinking class, so he used to go and swagger up and down before the seminary and call out: 'Come out you miserable petticoated monks! Come out and have a free fight for God or the devil.' When Fray G— arrived he heard of this, and it so happened he had had an English friend, when he was with his regiment, who had taught him the use of his fists. He found that his brother monks were dreadfully distressed at this unseemly challenge, so he said: 'The next time he comes, don't open the gate, but let the porter call me.'

"So the next time the bully appeared, it was so arranged that the gate was opened by Fray G— (the usual crowd had collected in the road to see the fun), who looked at him laughingly and said, 'Surely brother, we will fight for God or the devil, if you please.' So saying the friar turned up his sleeves and gown, and told his adversary to 'come on,' which he did, and he was immediately knocked into a cocked hat. 'Come, get up,' said the friar. 'Nolying there and whimpering; the devil won't win that way.' The man stood three rounds, at the end of which he whimpered and hallooed for mercy, and amidst the jeers and bravos of a large crowd the 'village cock' retired, a mass of jelly and pulp, and was never seen within more than half a mile of the seminary."

## AN INGENIOUS STUDENT.

He Did Not Permit Class Work to Interfere With His Athletics.

A former student of Yale tells the following story at the expense of President Porter: In one of the class divisions was a young fellow active in athletics who found it difficult to blend proficiency in baseball with the forty pages of advance and review which made up the normal day-lesson in Dr. Porter's bulky volume on "Human Intellect."

Taking advantage of Dr. Porter's easygoing recitations, the young fellow hit on the following device: He divided the forty pages into eight sections of five pages each. For each section he prepared an answer, usually based on a suggestive line or two, sometimes evolved purely from inner consciousness.

At recitations he simply watched Dr. Porter turn the pages, basing his answer absolutely on the pages turned. From pages five to ten meant answer No. 2, from pages twenty-five to thirty answer No. 6, and so on, not the slightest attention otherwise being paid to the question. The young pioneer in psychology, who rattled off the answer with all the flexibility of speech and earnestness he could command, always met a gracious smile from Dr. Porter, and found subsequently by this audacity he had secured a stand in psychology among the first half-dozen in the class.

Years after he met Dr. Porter and explained the trick and the result. The president turned the thing prettily: "Mr. Blank," answered he, "if you got eight ideas out of each forty pages of my 'Human Intellect,' you got so many more than most of your class, that you deserve your stand."

## DAGGETT'S SILVER.

A Presentation Service Which Was Lost for Twenty Years.

A famous tea set of silver, which cost \$1,500, and was presented to John Daggett, now superintendent of the San Francisco mint, in 1872, was placed so n after for safe-keeping in custody of a firm in that city. Thirteen years later Mr. Daggett went for his silver. The box was not to be found.

The senior member of the firm admitted that he "remembered the chest as well as if he had screwed down the lid yesterday."

"I have the screw-driver yet," he added.

Safes, cellars, lofts were ransacked, but no chest with a screwed lid was found. Then appeal was made to the courts. The case was shuttlecocked from one to another for seven long years.

The other day the junior partner of the firm dusted an old, unmarked box, which the traditions of the establishment said belonged to people by the name of Ober, who lived in Oakland. It's been here twenty years or more," said he; "I'll see what there is in it." The lock was rusty and a mechanic was called in. Opened, the box revealed Daggett's silver service. It was in the original box and packings. And several men had sworn in court that that lid was screwed down in their presence.

## A Big Shower of Meteors.

Of the 14 huge masses of meteoric iron which fell on a spot less than 64 square miles in area, near Fort Duncan, Mexico, the largest is bee-hive shaped and is buried five feet in the soil and rises four feet above the surface. The second mass in point of size has been moved to the national museum at Washington. It weighs over 4,000 pounds. The other 12 pieces weigh from 67½ to 650 pounds. The whole mass of fragments as mentioned above are scattered over an area of 64 square miles with Fort Duncan at about the center of the point of dispersion.

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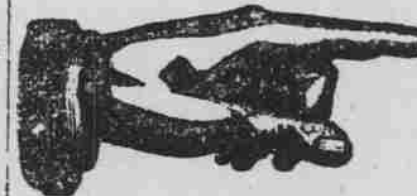
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